Creatures of Beauty, by Nicholas Briggs

A Big Finish Productions Doctor Who Audio Drama, released May 2003

[Part One]

(Big explosion reverberates.)
GILBROOK: Beautiful.

FORLEON: (aristocratic lady) I'd invested all my family's money into research into a cure. The funds were just pouring away. Every line of research was a blind alley. We started experimenting with the benefits of zero gravity for treatment. We took patients up into an orbital satellite I'd bought off a government. Oh, they were always keen to take my money. Ridiculed me in public, but took my money behind closed doors.
DOCTOR: And the Koteem contacted you.
FORLEON: They did.

(Screams, sirens, knife slashes)
NYSSA: Stop it! Let go of me! Ah! Please!

(Inside a large moving diesel-powered ground vehicle. The Doctor groans.)
DOCTOR: Nyssa. Nyssa?
NYSSA: It's all right. I was just getting you a hot drink.
DOCTOR: Oh, thanks. Mmm. You let me sleep.
NYSSA: You needed to.
DOCTOR: Hmm, perhaps. How long was I?
NYSSA: Not that long. Quain says we still have four days to go.
DOCTOR: Oh. How are you feeling?
NYSSA: Well, I've felt better.
DOCTOR: Me too. What's the matter?
NYSSA: Do you think we're doing the right thing?
DOCTOR: The right thing?
NYSSA: Going along with Quain and his people.
DOCTOR: Now there's a question. What exactly is the right thing?
NYSSA: I'm assuming that's one of your rhetorical questions.
DOCTOR: That's often the trouble, isn't it?
NYSSA: What is?
DOCTOR: That question. There's never really one answer. Mmm. Got any more of that?
NYSSA: Yes, here.
(Pours liquid.)
NYSSA: It's good, isn't it.
DOCTOR: Mmm.
NYSSA: Just about the only remotely pleasant thing we've encountered on this planet.
DOCTOR: Possibly.
NYSSA: Possibly? Definitely, I'd say
DOCTOR: Yes, I might agree with you, but that would just be our point of view.
NYSSA: You're being very philosophical.
DOCTOR: Am I? Hmm, yes, well, it's all a matter of perspective, isn't it.
NYSSA: Is it? I'm not sure I follow you.
DOCTOR: Well, when you think about it, there are a lot of different perspectives on this planet, aren't there? Points of view. Deeply held convictions. What the security people think, what Quain and his people think, whatever it is the Koteem think.
NYSSA: Are you saying we should never have got involved?
DOCTOR: It's certainly a point of view.
NYSSA: Doctor, we didn't have a choice.
DOCTOR: Maybe we didn't.
BOTH: Maybe we did?

DOCTOR: I did.
NYSSA: You're in a very peculiar mood, Doctor.
DOCTOR: Maybe it's just a question of survival.
NYSSA: Do you mean for the Veln, or the Koteem?
DOCTOR: Or us.
NYSSA: Do you think we're still in danger?
DOCTOR: I think the sooner we get to the Tardis and leave, the better.

(A man sighs. Knock on door.)
GILBROOK: Come.
(Door opens, telephone ringing heard in background.)
GILBROOK: Have you got the tapes?
BRODLIK: Er, yes, sir.
GILBROOK: Well, let's not arse about.
(Door closes.)
GILBROOK: I want to get to the bottom of this.
BRODLIK: Of course.
GILBROOK: Sit. Stick the tape in. I take it you're going to talk me through this? I don't want to sit through hours of the stuff. Just give me the highlights and the headlines.
BRODLIK: I have prepared a report.
GILBROOK: Report? (laughs) Always so present and correct, aren't you, Brodlik.
BRODLIK: I pride myself
GILBROOK: On all the fancy letters after your name, yeah, I know. Didn't help you this time, though, did they? If it weren't for the fact that I've got the Security Minister breathing down my neck about all this, I might take time to enjoy making you squirm. But since I'm Head of Security, and you're supposedly one of my most respected underlings, my arse is very much roasting over the fire as we speak, so get on with it!
BRODLIK: May I?
(Fiddles with tape.)
GILBROOK: Oh, I'll be taping this on my machine.
BRODLIK: I see.
GILBROOK: Any objection? Wouldn't want to miss any of your words of wisdom, would we? Make sure you speak up for the sake of the microphone. Name and rank. That'd be a nice place to start, don't you think?
(Beep.)
BRODLIK: Security Department Senior Psychiatric Interrogator Leslar Brodlik reporting to Chief of Security Rolf Gilbrook. Subject, alien incursion.
GILBROOK: By the Koteem.
BRODLIK: Er, that isn't certain.
GILBROOK: What do you mean?
BRODLIK: If you'll permit me to continue, sir.
GILBROOK: You'd better start making sense soon, Brodlik.
BRODLIK: Well, you'll be the judge of that, I'm sure, Chief.
GILBROOK: Very much so.
(Tape rolling.)
BRODLIK: This is my first interview with the prisoner, and
GILBROOK: Pause. She is a beauty, isn't she?
BRODLIK: Apart from the bruising to the right eye. Overzealous restraint in the custody processing.
GILBROOK: Oh, my custody boys love their job.
BRODLIK: Yes. I believe you did mention that when you handed me this case.
GILBROOK: Yes. Never mind that. Just get on with it.
(On the tape, papers are turned.)
BRODLIK [OC]: Your custody record gives your name as Nyssa Traken. Is that correct? Do you understand me?
NYSSA [OC]: Yes. Yes, I understand.

NYSSA: May I have something to drink? My mouth's very dry.
BRODLIK: The hospital discharged you after only three days. They said you were recovered. Are you feeling ill?

NYSSA: Only if you count being beaten up by your thugs as illness.
BRODLIK: You resisted arrest, I believe.
NYSSA: I didn't get a chance. And I didn't say my name was Nyssa Traken. I said it was Nyssa *of* Traken. Now can I have something to drink, please?
BRODLIK: Yes, there's telse in the flask. Help yourself.
NYSSA: Er, oh, thank you.
BRODLIK: Smoke?
NYSSA: What?
(Pours liquid.)
NYSSA: Er, no. If you don't mind, I don't do that.
BRODLIK: Strange. I think I will.
(Strikes match.)
NYSSA: Why is it strange?
BRODLIK: (exhales slowly) I believe I'm the one who asks questions. You understand the seriousness of the charge?
NYSSA: I understand that your thugs jumped to conclusions and didn't give me a chance to speak.
BRODLIK: Some might say that was understandable given the circumstances.
NYSSA: Understandable?
BRODLIK: You've been sent to me because you made certain assertions at the time of your custody processing. I'm the Senior Psychiatric Interrogator. I want to know why you said those things.
NYSSA: Psychiatric? You think I'm mad.
BRODLIK: Er, you mentioned that you weren't from this planet, that you were just here on a short stop while the Dokter waited for the Tardis to er. and then the officer said you became very garbled.
NYSSA: I was suffering from a concussion. Your officers knocked me out. I'd only just regained consciousness when they started asking me questions.
BRODLIK: The arresting officers report that you became violent at the scene of the crime.
NYSSA: As I recall, there were at least four arresting officers, all of them considerably bigger and stronger than me. The only violence came from them.
BRODLIK: Do you wish to make an official complaint against these officers?
NYSSA: I wish to be released so that
BRODLIK: So that you could return to the er, the Tardis. Who is this Dokter you mention?
NYSSA: He's a friend of mine.

BRODLIK [OC]: Oh? And where is he now?
NYSSA [OC]: I don't know.
GILBROOK: Pause it there.
BRODLIK: Is there something?
GILBROOK: This Doctor bloke. We got him on security cameras, didn't we?
BRODLIK: Er, I believe so.
GILBROOK: Wait a minute. They printed off a still for me. Ah, yes. This him?
BRODLIK: Er, yes. Yes, I believe so.
GILBROOK: If you'd got her to describe him in the first place, we could have had him picked up and you'd have saved us a lot of hassle.
BRODLIK: My job was to determine Nyssa's mental condition and
GILBROOK: Oh, on first name terms.
BRODLIK: It's simply the prisoner's name. It's important to use their names to gain their trust.
GILBROOK: Oh, yes, very diligent, Brodlik. All right, get on with it.
BRODLIK: Perhaps I should move on to the next tape I've selected.
GILBROOK: Did you have the medical report on her by the time you did the first interview?
BRODLIK: No. I was interrupted by the duty Medical Officer. I went to his office and looked over his reports, then returned to talk further with er, the prisoner.
GILBROOK: Ah, I see. And what happened when you resumed the interview?
BRODLIK: Er, well, the next day I was
GILBROOK: No, no, not the next day. Play me the rest of the first day's tape. Just wind it on until after you got the medical report.
BRODLIK: There isn't much of interest.
GILBROOK: Play it!

BRODLIK [OC]: I'm sorry we were interrupted.
NYSSA [OC]: When are you going to let me go?

BRODLIK: I have your medical report here.
NYSSA: Oh yes, they took a blood sample from me. Rather brutally, as I remember.
BRODLIK: Hmm. And the tests on your blood confirm that you are alien to Veln. You look surprised.
NYSSA: I thought
BRODLIK: I would have presumed that you were aware you were not a native of this world.
NYSSA: Yes. It's just that
BRODLIK: Yes?
NYSSA: I didn't know that people on this planet were aware of aliens.
BRODLIK: Everyone knows of Koteem.
NYSSA: Koteem?
BRODLIK: Your legacy is clear for all to see.
NYSSA: My legacy?
BRODLIK: You claim not to know what your people did to this planet?
NYSSA: Let's assume I don't know what my people did.
BRODLIK: Assume? I'm afraid I don't have time to play games. You're serious, aren't you.
NYSSA: So now you think I'm mad. But tell me anyway, Brodlik.
BRODLIK: Tell you?
NYSSA: The legacy of the Koteem.
BRODLIK: You're looking at it now. Oh, this is ridiculous.
NYSSA: What is? And what am I supposed to be looking at?
BRODLIK: Me. You're looking at me, aren't you? And it's ridiculous that you'd think I believed you didn't know about the Koteem.
NYSSA: But you do believe me, don't you. You're a psychiatrist, a police psychiatrist. I think you know when people are being less than honest.
BRODLIK: All right, I'll play along. What do you see when you look at my face?
NYSSA: Er, I'm not sure what
BRODLIK: Yes, I'm good at knowing when people are being less than honest, and that's what you are being now. I'll make it easy for you. You see ugliness when you look at my face. When you look at the face of most people in the world. Distorted skin tissue, abnormal bone structure. Not like your face. Not beautiful like you.
NYSSA: I
BRODLIK: There are only a few of us, the impossibly rich, the elite few who indulge in cosmetic adjustments to make them look like, well, how the Veln looked once.
NYSSA: Once?
BRODLIK: But you'd know all about that, wouldn't you.
NYSSA: Would I?
BRODLIK: You were arrested on Forleon's estate, weren't you.
NYSSA: I, I don't know. Was I? I remember trees and grass. Flowers.
BRODLIK: That'll be Forleon's estate, all right. There's nowhere else in this country like that.
NYSSA: No flowers?
BRODLIK: Oh yes, of course, I forgot. You don't know anything. Didn't you look at the sky?
NYSSA: Sky?
BRODLIK: (laughs) Oh, you're very good.
NYSSA: Good? I
BRODLIK: But this is impossible. Of course you know what the Koteem did. The pollution in the sky. The clouds that we've had to stare at for four generations, dark blue at sunset and bright emerald in the midday summer sun.
NYSSA: Dyestrial pollution? And this race, the Koteem, they polluted your atmosphere? They caused
BRODLIK: The genetic disfigurement. Yes, that's your people did.
NYSSA: But if they did this to you, why do they still come to your planet? Presumably they do, since you don't seem that surprised to find an alien here.
BRODLIK: We know that you send agents to our world. Our security people have had to deal with a number of them.
NYSSA: Deal? And now that you're sure I'm a Koteem, you'll be handing me over to your security people. Or is there something stopping you?

BRODLIK: There's nothing stopping me. I shall process your papers and hand you over.
NYSSA: Brodlik, I'm not a Koteem.
BRODLIK: That's impossible. Your blood
NYSSA: My blood test showed I was not a native of this planet. Am I right?
BRODLIK: Of course.
NYSSA: So it's tested against Veln blood.
BRODLIK: Yes.
NYSSA: Was it tested against other Koteem samples?
BRODLIK: I've no idea.
NYSSA: But you're thinking about it.

(Tape stopped.)
GILBROOK: You should have handed her over to Security. Why didn't you?
BRODLIK: By the time I'd
GILBROOK: No, not later. At that point. The moment you were sure she was Koteem. You should have
BRODLIK: I wasn't sure she
GILBROOK: Oh. Now we get to it.
BRODLIK: Get to what?
GILBROOK: So what did you do?
BRODLIK: I, I don't follow you. I
GILBROOK: Shall I tell you what you did, Brodlik? You took matters into your own hands.
BRODLIK: I had doubts. I wanted to, to check,
GILBROOK: Check up on the blood test results? To quiz the Security Department's duty Medical Officer if you could? Yes, I know. That's bad enough in itself, but at this point, at the point when you left her in her comfortable little interview cell, what precisely did you do?
BRODLIK: I'm not sure what you're trying to
GILBROOK: Oh, Brodlik, Brodlik, Brodlik. I'm through playing games with you. Wake up! Haven't you got the message yet? This isn't an interview. You're not giving a report. You're in trouble. You went home, Brodlik. You went home early. I saw your face on the tape. You were a puzzled little Brodlik, weren't you? Oh, you psychiatric types. Always thought you were on the verge of being just as crazy as the nutters you deal with. Not very stable, are you? The pretty little alien girl rattled your cage, didn't she? And you went home early, all hot and bothered, to think about it, to plan what to do next for your cosy little case study. Never mind that you were breaking every major security regulation we have.
BRODLIK: I had completed my allotted hours for that
GILBROOK: And now you're lying! Dear me. You went home three hours early, back to your miserable little apartment.

QUAIN: (slightly muffled) That's right, Brodlik, keep turning that key.
BRODLIK: Who are you?
QUAIN: Never mind who we are, just open the door. We're just your chums come to visit. Now move.
(Door unlocked, opened and closed.)
QUAIN: Pretty shabby little place. Just what we'd expect from a government employee.
BRODLIK: If you're going to rob me, get on with it. You won't get any trouble from
(Velcro sound.)
BRODLIK: Oh! You're
QUAIN: (normal) Never mind what we are. We just want to ask you a few questions, that's all, then we'll be gone and you can forget all about us. I'd really strongly advise that, by the way. The forgetting part.
BRODLIK: Isn't your friend going to take off his pollution mask as well?
DOCTOR: (slightly muffled) Why don't you wear one, Mister Brodlik?
BRODLIK: Mister? What's the point? I'm third generation full-blown. My father was born fully mutated.
QUAIN: He doesn't like us much.
DOCTOR: I'm not sure I blame him.
BRODLIK: You people make me sick.
(The Doctor removes his pollution mask.)
DOCTOR: Sorry to hear that.

BRODLIK: You're both Koteem agents, aren't you.
DOCTOR: No. Mister Brodlik, I'm not going to waste your time or mine. We know that a friend of mine was taken into your er
QUAIN: Security block.
DOCTOR: Security block, yes. Her name is Nyssa.
(Brodlik gasps.)
DOCTOR: I see you know who I'm talking about.
BRODLIK: What's the point of all this?
DOCTOR: The point is, Mister Brodlik, that Nyssa is not guilty of anything, and I need to get her out of there.
BRODLIK: You're the Dokter, aren't you?
DOCTOR: Yes. Yes, I am.
BRODLIK: She's spoken about you.
DOCTOR: Is she all right?
BRODLIK: Er, yes.
QUAIN: They'll have beaten her up.
DOCTOR: Is that right? Is that what you've done to her?
BRODLIK: I haven't touched her.
QUAIN: Maybe not *you*, but the others
DOCTOR: I see.
BRODLIK: What do you want from me?
QUAIN: We want you to think about your family. And if you don't care about them, think about yourself.
DOCTOR: Please, Quain, do you have to do this?
BRODLIK: What do you know about my family?
DOCTOR: Quain, this isn't necessary.
QUAIN: You want Nyssa back, don't you?
DOCTOR: Yes, you know I do.
QUAIN: Then leave
DOCTOR: But I don't
QUAIN: Leave this to me, Doctor. There's only one way to deal with these people. Isn't that right, Brodlik? You know about all sorts of nasty little things that happen in the Security block. Maybe you don't do them yourself, but you know, don't you?
DOCTOR: I think you can take that as a yes.
QUAIN: So I want you to think about your poor old mum and dad in the nursing home, and your little sister who stacks barrels at the refinery.
BRODLIK: You bast
QUAIN: Yes, we've done our research. Now, just imagine some of the things that happen in your Security block happening to them. You getting the picture?
BRODLIK: Yes. Yes.
QUAIN: Right, Doctor. Over to you.
DOCTOR: Thank you, Quain.

GILBROOK: So what *did* happen when you went home?
BRODLIK: All right, I admit it, I was troubled.
GILBROOK: So you sat down with a nice cup of telse and mulled over the predicament of your poor, beautiful little Koteem.
BRODLIK: What exactly are you getting at?
GILBROOK: And then you came back here later that evening. Yes, I know thought we didn't know about that. You even tail-gated your way in behind a officer so that you wouldn't have to use your security code key. Let me show you a tape. Now there you are, entering the Medical Department. Oh, you didn't know there was a hidden camera there. What a shame. You studied medicine, didn't you, before you specialised in psychiatry.
BRODLIK: Yes.
GILBROOK: And you knew enough to compare the prisoner Nyssa's blood test results with all the other Koteem blood test results. Well?
BRODLIK: They didn't match.
GILBROOK So what did you think that meant? Well?
BRODLIK: I don't know. I honestly don't know. But if the blood didn't match then she couldn't have been Koteem, could she.

GILBROOK: You're thinking outside your jurisdiction, Brodlik.
BRODLIK: Aren't you even curious?
GILBROOK: Because her blood type doesn't match with other Koteem samples? That just means she's a Koteem with a different sort of blood.
BRODLIK: But it was a totally different blood.
GILBROOK: Did you bring this matter up with the duty Medical Officer the next day?
BRODLIK: I was intending to, but
GILBROOK: You were distracted. A little incident the following day. Let's forget about your presentation, shall we? I'd like to skip to the recording of the next day, Brodlik. Shall we watch?
(Fast forwarding.)

NYSSA: Have you processed my papers?
BRODLIK: What are you?
NYSSA: Why do you want to know? What's the matter? You look scared.
BRODLIK: Er, I have processed your papers.

(Crackling.)
BRODLIK: I'm afraid the tape cuts out there. Apparently there was some fault in the system. I've spoken to the surveillance people about it. They say it was localised power
GILBROOK: Convenient though, wasn't it, eh, Brodlik?
BRODLIK: Convenient?
GILBROOK: For the intruders, I mean.
BRODLIK: Er
GILBROOK: Because that's just about when it happened, wasn't it? What was the last time line on the tape? About oh seven sixty one? They'd left the building by oh seven sixty eight, so your interview room surveillance camera cut out just a few moments before they entered.
BRODLIK: But at the time, I didn't know anything was wrong.
GILBROOK: Oh yes, that's right. They had security passes. Good enough to get them past a particularly comatose front desk man who's since been reassigned, and you. Remind me what the intruders told you.
BRODLIK: I think you know, sir. Perhaps you'd just like to make your point.
(Gilbrook clears his throat and opens a file.)
GILBROOK: They said they were from the Outer State Affiliates. They had travel documentation and outranked me. They were most insistent I had no choice. Those are your words.
BRODLIK: I'm aware of that.
GILBROOK: I'm not going to get angry. How's that. So you needn't get all jumpy and worried, because I'm just going to ask you a simple question. What really happened?
BRODLIK: What I said. What you've got written down there.
GILBROOK: That's what really happened?
BRODLIK: That's what really happened.
GILBROOK: Travel documentation and all that?
BRODLIK: Yes, all that.
GILBROOK: Which Outer State Affiliate were they from?
BRODLIK: Oh, er, I don't seem to recall which.
GILBROOK: Why not tell me about it in more detail.
BRODLIK: I don't really remember. It all happened so quickly.

NYSSA: What's that?
BRODLIK: Don't you know?
NYSSA: Why would I?
BRODLIK: It interferes with the surveillance camera in this room. No one can see or hear us. Your friends gave it to me.
NYSSA: Friends?
BRODLIK: The Doctor and some other
NYSSA: The Doctor! Where is he?
BRODLIK: Oh, you're almost like a Veln, aren't you? You seem to have feelings, just like us.
NYSSA: You've met the Doctor?
BRODLIK: Yes, yes, I've been intimidated. I'm scared. It seems they're going to get away with

it and I'll be lucky if I'm not under arrest by the end of the day. But I have a family, and I'm scared for them, and if I admit it, scared for myself. You have violent friends, don't you, Nyssa of Traken.
NYSSA: I really don't understand what you're talking about.
BRODLIK: I'm not very proud of myself. I wish I could be stronger, but I'm frightened. It's as simple as that. So you're going to get what you want. You're going to get away with what you did.
NYSSA: I didn't do anything.
BRODLIK: And if you do have even a tiny sliver of compassion in that alien heart of yours, just do me one favour.
NYSSA: What favour?
BRODLIK: Just tell me one thing.
NYSSA: If I can.
BRODLIK: Why did you do it?
NYSSA: I didn't do anything.
BRODLIK: I didn't do anything. It wasn't me. I'm not responsible for my actions. Don't you think I've heard it all before? Maniac and psychopaths gibbering in front of me, blaming it all on their mothers, begging for mercy. They didn't know what they were doing. They don't remember. I've heard every pathetic, miserable, despicable excuse there ever was, Nyssa of Traken! You may not be Koteem, I don't know what you are, but you're clearly working with them, so isn't it enough that you destroyed our world, condemned us all to a slow painful death? Why did you have to come here to mutilate and murder one of us?

(Sirens, a struggle, screams)
NYSSA: No, stop it! Let go of me! Let go of my arm! Argh! Please, no!

GILBROOK: Beautiful.

[Part Two]

(Birds call. Moving through foliage.)
DOCTOR: Nyssa.
(Rifles cocked.)
SEEDLESON: All right, stay where you are.
DOCTOR: Please, you have to get out of my way. My friend is
MURONE: Our people are dealing with that. Don't go getting yourself all worked up. Just stand still.
DOCTOR: The only way you're going to stop me is to use that.
MURONE: Oh, we'll use it all right, don't you worry.
DOCTOR: Ah. Yes. I believe you would, wouldn't you.
MURONE: The Lady Forleon's instructions are very clear on matters of security and secrecy.
DOCTOR: Secrecy?
MURONE: And we can't have you running around out here, can we? Someone might see you.
DOCTOR: And presumably they might hear my friend crying out as well.
(Distant scream.)
DOCTOR: Look! Can't you hear she's in trouble? You've got to let me. Just
(Struggle.)
SEEDLESON: She's a friend of yours, is she? Well, one way or another, it's over.
MURONE: How long since you landed?
DOCTOR: Er, not long.
SEEDLESON: Where's your pod?
DOCTOR: Pod? Well, somewhere over behind those trees, but
MURONE: Which trees?
DOCTOR: Er, further up the hillside. I can't quite. Look, look, this isn't important. I have to
SEEDLESON: This is Seedleson, patrol seven, calling Control. Hear me?
CONTROL [OC]: Hear you.
SEEDLESON: Koteem pod in zone four.
DOCTOR: Koteem?
SEEDLESON: Check it out and retrieve. Murone and me have the occupant. Bringing him in.

CONTROL [OC]: Understood.
DOCTOR: Er, I think my pod is probably perfectly all right where it is.
(Sirens approaching.)
SEEDLESON: Right, that's our cue to get moving. Come on. Er, what do we call you?
MURONE: Don't be shy.
DOCTOR: Doctor.
MURONE: Dok Ter?
DOCTOR: Doctor, yes.
MURONE: Right, Doctor, you'd better come with us, or you're going to end up right in the dung, mate.

FORLEON: I know. I can hear them. One of the locals must have called the Security block. Yeah. Mmm. Well, the poor wretch must have been pretty determined to get out of the grounds. Why the hell didn't you stop (pause) Wait a minute. Have they gone? Did you see what happened? Another girl? Who was she? I see. Well, find out what you can. Thank you.
(Phone put down, then something thrown onto the floor to break.)
FORLEON: Oh! As if this wasn't difficult enough.
(Knock on door.)
FORLEON: Come!
(Door opens.)
QUAIN: Lady Forleon, we
FORLEON: Send a maid in to have that cleared up. Yes, I'm angry. Are you surprised? What do you want?
QUAIN: We think the replacement's arrived.
FORLEON: That's not possible. We haven't even sent a report to them.
QUAIN: I know, but he's here. We're sending a team after his pod.
FORLEON: He came down in broad daylight? They're taking risks. Why didn't we spot it on entry?
QUAIN: It's happened before.
FORLEON: Not for a long time.
QUAIN: Well, now it's happened again.
FORLEON: You never miss the obvious, Quain.
QUAIN: Just as well, around here.
FORLEON: Well, I'd better meet him. What's his name?
QUAIN: Dokter.
FORLEON: Unusual choice of cover name. I really must speak to him about that. What's the matter?
QUAIN: He seems a bit confused.
FORLEON: Must have had a bumpy landing. Probably came in too fast. We'll have to give him time to recover before we operate.
QUAIN: Right. Well, er, I'll go and get him.
FORLEON: If you would.
(Telephone rings.)
FORLEON: Forleon. So they arrested her? And our girl was definitely dead? I see. Was she? That doesn't make sense. Did you get a shot of her? Good. Get me a copy as quickly as you can. Thank you.
(Phone down. Knock on door.)
FORLEON: Yes? Come.
(Door opens.)
FORLEON: Dokter?
DOCTOR: Yes. I take it you're Lady Forleon.
FORLEON: Of course. Did you suffer any injury?
DOCTOR: Er, no. Why would you think I had?
FORLEON: Please, there was no criticism implied. We are, of course, grateful. It's just that the timing of your landing was, shall we say, somewhat unorthodox.
DOCTOR: Hmm. Well, this is all very fascinating, Lady Forleon. Tell me, am I a prisoner here?
FORLEON: Prisoner? Of course not.
DOCTOR: Even though I was brought here at gunpoint. Then I'm free to leave?
FORLEON: Leave? Why would you want to leave?
DOCTOR: So I'm *not* free to leave. I see.

FORLEON: What do you see? Please, sit down.
DOCTOR: I'd prefer not. You see, I'm rather afraid that my friend's in trouble
FORLEON: Friend? There were two of you in the pod? I didn't know that was possible.
DOCTOR: Well, be that as it may, I left her by the pod while I headed for your rather impressive looking house. When I was halfway here, I heard her scream. I think it was her. Well, at least I'm very much afraid it was her.
FORLEON: You knew the girl?
DOCTOR: Yes, of course. She's my friend.
FORLEON: Dokter, I'd like Quain to check you over. Would you have any objection to that?
DOCTOR: Do I get a choice?
FORLEON: Well, I am asking you.
DOCTOR: And why would I need checking over, exactly?
FORLEON: To be blunt, you're not making much sense.
DOCTOR: Am I not?
FORLEON: No, you're not. For example, I don't see how you could have known the girl, if you've only just arrived. You did arrive on Veln today.
DOCTOR: Yes, we did. And perhaps it's time for me to be blunt. Do you know anything about dyestrial pollution?
FORLEON: I don't see the relevance.
DOCTOR: You do know that's the reason your sky is green?
FORLEON: Of course I know that. It's the reason for a lot of things on Veln. It's the reason you're here, isn't it?
DOCTOR: It's precisely the reason I'm here. While my (pause) er pod was recovering, I thought I might take it upon myself to warn someone here about the dangerous side-effects of raw dyestrial fallout. Perhaps I shouldn't interfere, but I thought it wouldn't do any harm. Exactly the opposite, I'd hoped, but quite frankly now I'm regretting it because I left my friend
(Forleon laughs.)
DOCTOR: I'm sorry, have I said something funny?
FORLEON: No, no. Now, lets see.
DOCTOR: What are you looking at?
FORLEON: I'm looking for a bump on your head, Dokter. No, nothing. No obvious injury. But I'm afraid I'm going to have to insist that you see Quain before the operation.
DOCTOR: Operation? And what if I refuse?
FORLEON: Er, I really think it'd be in your best interests.
DOCTOR: Do you?
FORLEON: All right, all right. I'll mention it in my next report to your people. See what they say.
DOCTOR: My people?
FORLEON: Yes. Well, we have to tell them about the girl anyway.
DOCTOR: Would it surprise you to know that I haven't got the faintest idea what you're talking about?
FORLEON: (laughs) Frankly, no.
DOCTOR: Look, please, I just need to see if Nyssa
(Knock on door.)
FORLEON: Come!
(Door opens.)
QUAIN: Lady Forleon, you have *got* to see this.
FORLEON: What is it, Quain?
QUAIN: We found his er, pod.
DOCTOR: Er, perhaps
QUAIN: We've brought it to the outhouse as usual, to be ready for transportation, but er, I really do think you have to see it with your own eyes.
FORLEON: Dokter? Please, come with us.
DOCTOR: Yes. Yes, of course. Why not.

SEEDLESON: Murone?
MURONE: What is it?
SEEDLESON: That picture from the main gate is coming through. They say we have to get it to the Lady right away.
MURONE: When doesn't she want something right away?
SEEDLESON: Money talks, my friend. Money talks. She's had her own way all her life.

MURONE: Huh. All right for some, isn't it.
SEEDLESON: Don't know it, Murone. If she's true to her word, it'll be all right for all of us some day too.
MURONE: Yeah. Yeah. Let's hope so.
SEEDLESON: Let's have a look.
MURONE: Who is it?
SEEDLESON: Main gate say this is the girl Security nabbed.
MURONE: She's a beauty, isn't she?
SEEDLESON: Koteem?
MURONE: Either that or one of the rich bitches.
SEEDLESON: Poor pudding.
MURONE: Why'd you say that?
SEEDLESON: They'll have her for murder, won't they? And there's not a thing we can do about it.

(Door closes. Footsteps.)
FORLEON: This (laughs) This is?
QUAIN: (laughing) I know. Apparently. Well, they did find it where he said his pod had landed.
FORLEON: This is your pod, Dokter?
DOCTOR: Well, I admit that it probably isn't exactly an orthodox design.
(Knocking.)
FORLEON: It's made of wood.
QUAIN: (laughs) I know.
FORLEON: This isn't a landing pod. It's, well, it looks more like a poacher's shack. But the colour, and these strange markings? I've seen Koteem script before, but never like this.
DOCTOR: It's disguised.
FORLEON: The markings?
DOCTOR: No, the whole thing. Sort of camouflage.
QUAIN: Camouflage? Shouldn't it fit in with its surroundings if it's camouflage? I've never seen anything like this before.
DOCTOR: Well, it's a new model. We call it a Tardis.
FORLEON: Tardis?
DOCTOR: Yes, anyway, if you'll just bear with me, I think we're getting a little off the point here. I need to find
QUAIN: The point? What does he mean?
FORLEON: Dokter seems, as you warned me, a little confused. Quain, I'd like to
DOCTOR: I assure you, I'm not confused. I don't need checking over. It's this situation that's getting increasingly confusing, and the reason it's getting confusing is that I'm not who you think I am. I'm from another planet.
FORLEON: Your point being?
QUAIN: He is confused.
DOCTOR: Ah, yes, of course. The pods. You were expecting someone from another planet.
QUAIN: Of course.
DOCTOR: But. Forgive me, but I was under the impression that Veln technology hadn't developed to the level of interplanetary exploration.
FORLEON: That's right, but in this
DOCTOR: No, wait a minute. Please wait. I'm sorry to cut you off, and I'll be perfectly willing to discuss this as much as you want later, but I have to find out if my friend is safe.
FORLEON: Ah, the girl. He says he knows
QUAIN: Which girl?
DOCTOR: Well, her name's Nyssa, but
FORLEON: Nyssa!
DOCTOR: Yes, but that's not the
FORLEON: I'd assumed you were talking about Veline.
QUAIN: You've heard that she's dead?
FORLEON: Yes. And there'll be questions to answer about that.
DOCTOR: Wait a minute. Veline? Who's Veline?
QUAIN: Who's Nyssa?
(Door opens.)
MURONE: Er, excuse me, Lady Forleon.

(Door closes.)
FORLEON: What is it, Murone?
MURONE: Main gate said you wanted to see this as soon as it came through.
FORLEON: Ah, yes.
QUAIN: Is she a beauty?
FORLEON: She is. She really is.
DOCTOR: May I see? Nyssa!
QUAIN: *That's* your friend?
DOCTOR: Yes.
FORLEON: And she arrived with you?
DOCTOR: Yes, but what's happening in this picture? When was it taken?
QUAIN: Shortly after Seedleson and Murone found you. I'm afraid your friend has been arrested.
DOCTOR: Arrested? There's blood on her hands and these look like
FORLEON: Uniformed Veln security. Not known for their subtlety, especially when it comes to beauties.
DOCTOR: Beauties? Why are they arresting her?
QUAIN: For murder, we think.
DOCTOR: Murder? Who's she supposed to have murdered?
FORLEON: Veline. What do you think they'll make of the body?
QUAIN: They won't be able to work it out. They might as well be using blunt axes for all the good their government issue autopsy equipment will be.
FORLEON: Poor Veline.
DOCTOR: Look, I realise that perhaps I should have asked this earlier, but believe it or not I was trying to avoid confusion. What exactly is going on here? Well?
FORLEON: Murone?
MORONE: Lady Forleon.
(Weapon cocked.)
DOCTOR: Now, there's no need for that.
FORLEON: The fact that you *don't* know what exactly is going on here is making me very nervous, Dokter.

(Noisy diesel ground vehicle stops. Wind blowing.)
NYSSA: We've stopped.
DOCTOR: Yes.
NYSSA: Do you think we've arrived?
DOCTOR: Possibly. Or Quain may have just wanted a rest. He's been driving for hours, after all.
NYSSA: Do you trust him? I know that seems an ungrateful question to ask, since he helped me to escape.
DOCTOR: I couldn't have done it without him.
NYSSA: So you do trust him.
DOCTOR: He's helping us, that's all I can be sure of.
NYSSA: You mean you don't think he's doing it out of altruism.
DOCTOR: Well, there is an argument that no one is ever truly selfless in their actions, that there's always a pragmatic motive somewhere.
NYSSA: He's probably just doing what the Koteem want, isn't he?
DOCTOR: Just obeying orders, is he? Well, I think the only thing that should concern us is that he's taking us to the Tardis. That's our pragmatic motive. How does that sound to you, Nyssa?
NYSSA: Very pragmatic.
DOCTOR: Yes. And considering everything we've been through on this planet, I think it's best if we keep it that way.
(Door opens. Wind louder.)
QUAIN: You two all right?
NYSSA: Yes, thanks.
QUAIN: Manage to get any rest?
DOCTOR: A little. You must be exhausted.
QUAIN: Ah, I'm all right.

DOCTOR: Are we there yet?
QUAIN: Yes. Come on, out you come.

(Walking in strong wind, on snow.)
NYSSA: Where's the Tardis?
QUAIN: Not far.
DOCTOR: I can't see it. How far, exactly?
QUAIN: Follow me. This way.
NYSSA: It's like being back in Alaska.
DOCTOR: Hopefully not as dangerous. Well, Quain, what now?
QUAIN: This is it.
NYSSA: What is? It's just, well, a hill covered in snow.
QUAIN: I thought you'd understand the principle of camouflage. Doctor?
DOCTOR: I don't follow you.
QUAIN: Didn't you say your pod, your Tardis, was camouflaged?
DOCTOR: Yes. Are you saying this hill is some kind of camouflaged building? A base of some sort?
QUAIN: Of some sort. Wait a moment.
(Beeping.)
NYSSA: What's that? Koteem technology?
QUAIN: Precisely. You don't trust me, us, do you?
DOCTOR: To be honest, Quain, I don't know.
QUAIN: What we're doing on Veln is for the good of everyone.
NYSSA: But not everyone agrees with you.
QUAIN: There's a lot of ignorance about.
DOCTOR: Does it matter whether we trust you or not?
QUAIN: We'd prefer it if you did. All right, have it your own way. Here we go.
(Sizzle.)
NYSSA: It's a forcefield. A forcefield with a holographic projection on it that fits in with the surroundings.
QUAIN: That's right. Veln security can't pick it up.
DOCTOR: I suppose that's the advantage of importing advanced alien technology, isn't it? What's happening?
QUAIN: Activating the entry port.
(Whoosh.)
QUAIN: After you.
NYSSA: Doctor?
DOCTOR: Follow me, Nyssa.
(Walking, whoosh. Just the wind.)

(Echoing area.)
DOCTOR: Forgive me for pointing out the obvious, Quain.
NYSSA: But still no Tardis.
DOCTOR: I couldn't have put it better myself, Nyssa.
QUAIN: No, this is a sort of holding area.
NYSSA: And what are you holding us for?
DOCTOR: Let me guess. You're not just going to let us get into the Tardis and leave.
(Building energy noise.)
DOCTOR: Er
NYSSA: Quain, what's going on? Doctor, this is getting distinctly uncomfortable.
DOCTOR: I know. At a guess, I'd say it was some form of rather unsubtle bioscan.
QUAIN: Be patient, Doctor. They're not going to hurt you.
DOCTOR: They?
NYSSA: Are you still non-committal about trusting him, Doctor?
(Noise stops. Sighs of relief.)
DOCTOR: Let's just say I'm struggling to keep an open mind on the subject.
QUAIN: There should be no lasting ill effects.
NYSSA: Should be? That's not very reassuring.
DOCTOR: By they, did you mean the Koteem, Quain?
QUAIN: Yes.

DOCTOR: Ah. An open door. An invitation.
NYSSA: Or a trap.
QUAIN: The Tardis is beyond that doorway.
NYSSA: I can't see it from here.
DOCTOR: Would I be right in guessing that the Koteem are beyond that door too?
KOTEEM: (electronic voice) Quain, bring them to me.
DOCTOR: I'm guessing we don't have a choice.
NYSSA: Didn't you say there are always choices?
DOCTOR: Not if we want to get off this planet.
QUAIN: Doctor? Nyssa? This way please.
DOCTOR: Hmm. Spiders, flies and parlours spring to mind.
NYSSA: I'm not sure I understand the allusion.
DOCTOR: I'm not sure you'd want to.

FORLEON: You're going to regret this, Gilbrook.
GILBROOK: Obtaining a search warrant for the Forleon Estate? Having my grubby little men tramping mud all through your lovely expensive house? Seeing you going a little purple in the face because for once in your sickeningly rich privileged life, you're not getting your own way? Er, just remind me about the bit I'm going to be regretting, Lady Forleon? And now you've resorted to giving me that superior smug look of yours. Yes, I've seen that in the papers often enough. That beautiful smile. That beautifully surgically reconstructed smile. Can you even tell when I'm smiling? Can you even bear to look at my filthy, ugly face?
FORLEON: Gilbrook, you have overreached your authority.
GILBROOK: I have to look at filthy, ugly faces like mine all my life. Do you know how that feels? It feels normal. And people like you, people who sit up here in your rich palaces, creaming off profits, bribing and corrupting, but with so many government contacts no one can touch you, you think you're perfect and beautiful. But to me, you know what? To me you are ugly. I feel sick to look at you. Yes. And I know that some high up contact or other of yours will call his boss who will call my boss, and I'll get sat on. But that's going to take time, my dear beautiful lady. And in that time, I'm going to find proof that you've been harbouring alien agents somewhere in all this luxury, and then all your important friends will run for cover, and you and your beautiful buddies will end up behind bars. Do you know what they do to beautiful boo-boos like you in penitentiaries, eh? (chuckles) Oh, I'm sure you can guess.
FORLEON: You have no right
(Telephone rings.)
GILBROOK: Gilbrook. Hmm. But no sign of this Dokter and Nyssa? All right, round up the others and start the blood tests.
(Telephone down.)
GILBROOK: Oh, sorry, Lady Forleon. You were saying? Oh dear, gone all sulky, have we? Don't frown, my little beauty. You might spoil that lovely face of yours.
FORLEON: You have no evidence to support your claims.
GILBROOK: Oh, why would you think that? Because your people had intimidated the witness into keeping quiet?
FORLEON: This is ridiculous. I
GILBROOK: Beautiful faces are so expressive, aren't they? Every little twitch means something. In all my years in security, I flatter myself I can see what every prisoner is thinking. Yeah, I know you find that hard to believe, that I could discern any subtlety through all the scar tissue, those sores, and the bones in their faces all distorted and twisted, but I can. So you, Lady Beautiful, you can't hide anything from me. I know you're lying, and I know you're worried.
(Telephone rings.)
GILBROOK: Yes? Oh, really? I'm greatly encouraged. I'll be there in just a moment. Thanks.
(Telephone down.)
GILBROOK: I can tell you're curious.
FORLEON: I'm not playing games with you, Gilbrook.
GILBROOK: Why not? It's all you've got left. My people have found a sealed basement. Took quite a bit of finding. Oh, now you're very worried indeed. You wouldn't happen to have a key, would you? Oh, don't worry. We'll blow it open. Then we'll find out what you lot have really been getting up to. I think you'd better come with me, don't you?

KOTEEM: Doctor, Nyssa, it is clear that you are familiar with the sights of creatures alien to yourselves.
DOCTOR: If you scanned us, you must know that like you we are aliens on this world. May I ask to whom I am speaking?
KOTEEM: I am a Koteem.
NYSSA: We gathered that much.
KOTEEM: I prefer not to give you further identification.
DOCTOR: Why? Because what you're doing on this planet is illegal?
KOTEEM: Some would choose to interpret our actions as such.
NYSSA: And why would that be?
KOTEEM: My database cannot find a match for your bioscan results. Lady Forleon has informed me that you originate from the planets Gallifrey and Traken. I have no knowledge of these planets or their policies on Galactic Sector Council resolutions. Please enlighten me.
DOCTOR: We have no policy. It's no concern of ours that some might consider your actions here illegal. In fact, we barely understand the situation here on Veln.
NYSSA: All we know is that it's dangerous for us here, and we'd like to leave as soon as possible, please.
KOTEEM: If I could he sure that you were telling the truth, then I would let you go. But how can I be sure?
DOCTOR: Well, er, you could just try believing us.
KOTEEM: (laughs) You would advocate that I should trust you?
NYSSA: Yes. Is that so strange?
KOTEEM: Trust is a commodity in somewhat short supply in this sector of the galaxy.
DOCTOR: What a pity.
KOTEEM: Your bioscans and the way you speak indicate highly developed intelligence. You must have formed an opinion of our work here, even with the little knowledge you claim to have. I am attempting to trust you. Your hesitation is not reassuring me that I am wise to do so.
DOCTOR: Very well.
NYSSA: Doctor.
DOCTOR: They say honesty is the best policy, Nyssa.
NYSSA: And who precisely are they?
DOCTOR: It's either that or make a run for it, and somehow I don't think that's going to work.
KOTEEM: Your craft is held in a forcefield.
DOCTOR: You need hardly have said so.
KOTEEM: Do you have anything to say?
DOCTOR: Let me see. Now I've met you
KOTEEM: Yes?
NYSSA: Careful, Doctor.
DOCTOR: I think you have something in common with the people of Veln.
KOTEEM: And what would that be?
DOCTOR: Ooo, at a guess, dyestrial pollution.
(Strangled noise.)
DOCTOR: Sounds like I hit a sore spot.

SECURITY [OC]: Charges set, sir.
GILBROOK: All right, people. Let's stand back. Oh, and you too, my Lady. Wouldn't want you to get a scratch on that beautiful face of yours.
FORLEON: I insist you contact your superiors. The terms of your warrant
GILBROOK: Shut up! That's better. All right, somebody press that button.
(KaBOOM! Flying debris. Coughing.)
GILBROOK: Can we get the lights on in there?
FORLEON: Gilbrook, please, listen to me.
GILBROOK: Something to say?
FORLEON: You mustn't go in there.
GILBROOK: Oh, you're really scared, aren't you.
FORLEON: Look, I can't think of a better way to say this. You won't understand what you see in there.
GILBROOK: Oh dear, ugly and stupid, am I?
FORLEON: No, no, I didn't mean that. I
GILBROOK: Oh, just ugly, then.

FORLEON: Yes. Yes! You are ugly. Ugly and dying, all of you.
GILBROOK: Oh, now we hear it. So that makes you better than us, does it?
FORLEON: Yes. Because we have a chance at life. A chance to rebuild Veln. A chance to stop all the suffering.
GILBROOK: Well, you can do a lot with a pretty face in this world, darling, but you can't put right what those bastard Koteem did to us.
FORLEON: Please
GILBROOK: Do you really think a bit of cosmetic surgery's gonna mean you live longer, hey?
FORLEON: It isn't cosmetic surgery.

DOCTOR: So I gather your people, the Koteem ,suffered a planetary disaster involving some sort of dyestrial energy fusion plant.
KOTEEM: There was no disaster, only the decision to use dyestrial as our primary source of energy. By the time our medical scientists detected the genetic damage to our people, it was too late.
NYSSA: But how does that relate to the Veln?
KOTEEM: The story of what happened to the Veln is well known in this sector. Do you mean to claim that you have no knowledge of it? I find that hard to believe.
DOCTOR: Which makes it pretty pitiful as a lie, wouldn't you say?
NYSSA: All we do know is that the Veln government hold you responsible for the dyestrial pollution in their atmosphere, for the genetic and ecological damage caused here, and that you're trying to make amends.
KOTEEM: There was an accident.
DOCTOR: Accident?
KOTEEM: Our transport ships are forbidden to enter inhabited solar systems.
NYSSA: Transport ships? You mean ships transporting dyestrial waste?
KOTEEM: Highly dangerous toxins. Once the Koteem government had decided to phase out dyestrial power plants, the biggest problem was the disposal of these toxins. The Galactic Sector Council gave us permission to dispose of these toxins in uninhabited areas of the galaxy.
NYSSA: And you thought this solar system was uninhabited.
KOTEEM: No. Our people knew of the Veln, an undeveloped humanoid race only just beginning to venture beyond its planet.
DOCTOR: So you didn't bring your dyestrial waste here, so how
KOTEEM: Not officially.
DOCTOR: What do you mean?
KOTEEM: Avoiding the Veln solar system added a significant extra cost to those employed to dispose of the toxins. Their operations became more profitable if they deliberately ignored the fact that the occasional transport commander showed the initiative to
DOCTOR: Take a short cut. I see.
KOTEEM: There was an accident in high orbit above Veln. Dyestrial waste was released. The ship was destroyed. The planet was terminally polluted. That was four Veln generations ago. In another four generations, we, the Koteem, will be guilty of genocide.
DOCTOR: I see. And now you're planning to prevent that.

GILBROOK: Yeah, yeah, well keep her there. Right. Oh, and listen. Any word from the Ministry? Oh, thought as much. Well, send a message that I'll contact them as soon as I'm back at my office. I don't care if they don't like it, that's what I'm saying, all right? Good, because I think we've found ourselves all the evidence we need down here. Yeah. Right little chambers of horrors it is, too. Some of the stuff down here I, I think it's Koteem technology.
SECURITY: Sir.
GILBROOK: What have you got for me?
SECURITY: It's like a vid-record, only some kind of see-through ball thing. Our boys think they've worked out how to use it.
GILBROOK: Right, let's go.
(Beeps.)
FORLEON [OC]: Veline, how are you feeling?
VELINE [OC]: All right.

VELINE: I think I'm all right.
QUAIN: Just take a few deep breaths. You'll be fine. Pulse is a little high, that's all.
VELINE: Sorry, I'm being stupid, I know.
FORLEON: It's fine, Veline. Don't worry. Ready to start?
VELINE: Ready to start.
QUAIN: Good girl.
FORLEON: All right, Quain. Begin the procedure.
(Squelchy sounds.)
FORLEON: Are you ready, Quain?
QUAIN: Everything checks out.
FORLEON: Commence intramission.
(Zap. Veline screams.)

[Part Three]

QUAIN: It's all right, Veline. You're going to be all right.
FORLEON: What's happened?
QUAIN: She's having an abnormal reaction. I've only seen this happen once before..
FORLEON: Can you close?
QUAIN: I think, yes.
(Zap, zap.)
QUAIN: Closed.
FORLEON: Will she settle down now?
QUAIN: Let's hope so.
(Veline screams.)
FORLEON: Hold her, Quain! Hold her!
QUAIN: She's broken her
(Crash!)
VELINE: No!

GILBROOK: Beautiful.

(Alarm sounds.)
SEEDLESON: Oh ho ho, what have we got?
MURONE: It's the basement alarm. Motion sensors have kicked in.
SEEDLESON: Motion sensors? You think we've got a break-in?
MURONE: Call the basement.
(Taps keys, phone rings.)
FORLEON [OC]: Forleon. Is that the guard room?
SEEDLESON: Yes, Lady Forleon.
FORLEON [OC]: Have the motion sensors activated?
SEEDLESON: Yes, has someone
FORLEON [OC]: It's Veline.
SEEDLESON: Veline? But
FORLEON [OC]: She's had, she's had a bad reaction. She's broken out of the basement.
MURONE: What's going on?
SEEDLESON: Just one moment please, Lady Forleon. It's Veline. She's gone berserk. She's the one tripping the sensors. Get the security camera views up. Find out where she is now.
MURONE: I'm on it.
FORLEON [OC]: Have you found her?
SEEDLESON: Murone?
MURONE: Got her. She's in the grounds.
FORLEON [OC]: What was that?
SEEDLESON: We've got her on camera, Lady Forleon. She's in the grounds.
MURONE: What's that she's holding? Looks like a knife.
FORLEON [OC]: She took a scalpel. Seedleson, where's she heading?
SEEDLESON: Murone, where's she heading?
MURONE: By the sensors she's tripping, yeah, I'd say she's going straight for the main gate.
SEEDLESON: Did you hear that, Lady

FORLEON [OC]: I heard.
SEEDLESON: What do I tell the boys at the main gate?
FORLEON [OC]: Stop her but don't harm her. Understood?
SEEDLESON: Understood.
FORLEON [OC]: Listen to me, Seedleson. That's most important. She was in mid-process. We mustn't harm her.

(Birds cawing. Running.)
VELINE: I can't. You're killing me. I can't do this. I can't. Suffocating. You're suffocating me. (cries)

(Door closes.)
FORLEON: If she gets out and anyone finds her
QUAIN: Just relax. It's not going to happen, Lady Forleon.
FORLEON: How can you be so sure? You were certain she'd survive the intramission, despite the early signs.
QUAIN: She has survived the intramission, with respect.
FORLEON: Never mind the respect. Are you saying we can complete the procedure? Well?
QUAIN: I don't know.
FORLEON: You said something about this happening before.
QUAIN: (sighs) Once, back in the beginning. But it wasn't like this.
FORLEON: How wasn't it like this?
QUAIN: The subject died, inside.
(Telephone rings.)
FORLEON: Get that.
QUAIN: Lady Forleon's study. Quain speaking. What? I see. Yes, well, that's all we need.
(Phone down.)
FORLEON: Is, is she dead?
QUAIN: No. I don't know. It wasn't about that.
FORLEON: What, then?
QUAIN: Perimeter scanners have picked up something.
FORLEON: What kind of something?
QUAIN: They don't know.
FORLEON: Oh, I don't believe this. All right, get Seedleson and Murone onto it. And you'd better make sure they're armed.

(Telephone rings.)
GILBROOK: Gilbrook. What is it, I'm busy. At the Forleon Estate? Get a response vehicle there as quick as you can.
(Telephone down.)
GILBROOK: (laughs) Oh, you beauty.

SEEDLESON: Patrol seven to Control. Hear me?
CONTROL [OC]: Hear you.
SEEDLESON: Murone and me entering zone four. Still no sign of anything unusual.
CONTROL [OC]: Understood. Keep searching.
MURONE: Any word on Veline?
SEEDLESON: Oh, yeah. Any news on the runner?
CONTROL [OC]: She bypassed the main gate.
SEEDLESON: What? Milady's gonna skin 'em alive for that. You mean they've totally lost track of Veline?
CONTROL [OC]:They're after her now.
SEEDLESON: Rather them than me. All right, Control. Continue with search. See anything interesting with those things?
MURONE: Yeah, I'm just focussing. Wait a moment.
SEEDLESON: Spotted something?
MURONE: Take a look at that. Here.
SEEDLESON: Look at him, just wandering about.
MURONE: Reckon he's Koteem?

SEEDLESON: Well, he's got weird clothes on, blond hair, and he's not as ugly as us. I reckon so.
MURONE: We er, (sniffs) we could just shoot him.
SEEDLESON: Eh?
MURONE: Yeah. Say he got panicked, made a run for the perimeter. We had no choice. You know, something like that. Bit of pay-back, you know, for what they did to us.
SEEDLESON: You're a vicious piece of work, aren't you, Murone?
MURONE: Nothing wrong with a bit of pay-back.
SEEDLESON: These people are helping us now.
MURONE: So they say.
SEEDLESON: So Lady Forleon says.
MURONE: I don't trust them. I'll never trust them. If you ask me, she's crazy to have done what she did.
SEEDLESON: And she pays our wages.
MURONE: All right. It's just a thought. Still, gives us any trouble, might shoot him by accident.
SEEDLESON: Why don't you just resign and go and work for the Security block?
MURONE: No, this pays better.
SEEDLESON: Well, I must say, I do enjoy working alongside such a principled man as your good self, Murone.
MURONE: Get stuffed. Well, let's go and reel him in.

(Veline still crying out.)
NYSSA: Hello? Who's there? It's all right. Don't be frightened. I'm not going to hurt you. What's your name?
VELINE: Veline. I'm Veline.
NYSSA: Veline. Veline, put the knife down. You don't want to hurt yourself, do you.
VELINE: Hurt myself?
NYSSA: Yes. Just drop it, down on the grass there, then you can tell me what the matter is.
VELINE: Where's gone me?
NYSSA: I don't understand.
VELINE: Me? There is no me.
NYSSA: What do you mean? Is someone chasing you? Is that why you were running?
VELINE: No me.
NYSSA: Are you trying to get away from someone? Look, you're safe now.
VELINE: Can't help me get away. It's suffocating me, it's strangling me. Got to kill it.
NYSSA: What? Kill what? What do you mean.
VELINE: Kill it!
NYSSA: No, Veline! No! Put the knife down. What are you doing? You'll hurt yourself.
(Stab, Veline screams.)
NYSSA: Veline, no! You mustn't!
(Sirens approach.)
VELINE: Please don't stop me.
NYSSA: No, stop it. Let go! Let go of the knife!
(Repeated slabs, Veline screams.)
NYSSA: Please, no!

NYSSA: She kept stabbing herself. Over and over again. I couldn't stop her. I couldn't. It was horrible. Almost as if she was possessed. As if she thought there was something inside her

NYSSA [OC]: She wanted to cut out.
GILBROOK: So, what do you think? Crazy or what?
BRODLIK: Why are you handing her over to me? Isn't this purely a security matter? Just the sort of thing you've been waiting for?
GILBROOK: I want this to be watertight, Brodlik, so I need my top nutter expert in on this. And regrettably, that happens to be you.
BRODLIK: Do you have the custody report? Thank you.
GILBROOK: Nasty business.
BRODLIK: Don't pretend to be concerned. They're both beauties, I heard.
GILBROOK: The murderer and the murdered. I couldn't care less if those decadent gits start

killing each other, but if it means an investigation of the Forleon Estate, then I am a very happy boy, Brodlik. The day we wipe the smug smile off that smug Forleon bitch's face will be a happy day for everyone in the world.
(Turning pages.)
BRODLIK: So, one of them stabbed the other.
GILBROOK: Yes, and luckily for us we nabbed them just before Forleon's security mob turned up. They were spitting blood. Mind you, so was she. (laughs)
BRODLIK: Any idea of motive?
GILBROOK: Well, that's what I need you for. She may be, well, a nutter.
BRODLIK: What makes you say that?
GILBROOK: Well, you saw her. Anyway, as well as generally looking pretty mad, they say she was using alien words.
BRODLIK: What do you mean? We've got a Koteem in custody?
GILBROOK: Could be.
BRODLIK: Why don't we know for sure?
GILBROOK: Oh, the medical boys are fannying around. I think they've messed up the blood test results. Said there was something not quite right. I dunno, usual excuses. I told them to get it right or lose their jobs. But as soon as they've run them again, they'll let you know. In the mean time, I want you to have a crack at her, see if you can find anything out. See if she is nuts.
BRODLIK: It's unorthodox, but if you think it'll help.
(Door shut, footsteps.)
GILBROOK: Brodlik, I'll be straight with you.
BRODLIK: Sir?
GILBROOK: I've never liked you.
BRODLIK: I'm sorry to hear that, sir.
GILBROOK: That's just what I mean. You're not sorry at all, because you don't like me either, do you. But you're good at your job. A bit over-conscientious, a bit namby-pamby for my liking, but you're top notch. What I'm saying is, Brodlik, you see me right on this one, I get promotion. I'm going places. And you'll be going with me. Understand?
BRODLIK: That's most generous of you, sir.
GILBROOK: Go on, get out of my sight. I want you to be the first person to see her the moment she's discharged from hospital.
BRODLIK: Hospital?
GILBROOK: A very messy business, murder. My officers are prone to get a little emotional when people with knives resist arrest.
BRODLIK: I see.

(Cold wind blowing. Footsteps indoors.)
NYSSA: (sotto) Do you really believe that they're just going to let us get into the Tardis and go?
DOCTOR: (sotto) I'm not sure. (normal) Er, these must be the travel pods the Koteem simulacrums land in.
QUAIN: That's right, Doctor. We ship them back up here periodically so that the Koteem can return them to their orbital space stations for reuse.
DOCTOR: Recycling. How ecologically sound.
QUAIN: You still don't approve of us, do you.
DOCTOR: Approve?
NYSSA: It's an invasion of sorts, isn't it?
QUAIN: It's survival.
NYSSA: Survival at any cost?
QUAIN: When the alternative is too horrible to contemplate. This whole situation is a, is a mess.
DOCTOR: Now that I can whole-heartedly agree with.
QUAIN: But not with what we're doing here.
DOCTOR: What the Koteem are doing here or what you're doing here. And exactly who or what are you, Quain? You, Forleon and the others.
QUAIN: We are the future of Veln.
DOCTOR: So you said, Quain. So you said.

(Walking)
DOCTOR: Where are you taking me?
MURONE: I think we've heard enough from you for the moment, sir.
DOCTOR: Just as I suspected, Lady Forleon. Your hospitality is not exactly
FORLEON: Please, Doctor, this won't take long.
QUAIN: This way.
DOCTOR: Er, that looks like an operating table.
QUAIN: Lie down, please, Doctor.
DOCTOR: What are you going to do to me?
MURONE: If you please, sir.
DOCTOR: Very well. Now what?
FORLEON: Well, Quain?
QUAIN: What are we expecting, mental abnormality?
FORLEON: Or some sort of imposter from the Security block.
QUAIN: Do you think that's possible?
FORLEON: Up until now, I wouldn't have thought it was likely, but we have to be sure, don't we? After all, if we're not careful, we could be risking the future of the entire operation.
DOCTOR: I'd rather you didn't use that word while I'm lying down here, if you don't mind. And considering I only came here to help you people, I
MURONE: I'm warning you.
FORLEON: Calm down, Murone.
MURONE: Sorry, Lady Forleon.
FORLEON: This isn't the Security block.
QUAIN: A level one scan should do it.
FORLEON: Proceed.
(High pitched whine, the Doctor cries out.)
DOCTOR: Is this really necessary?
QUAIN: These readings are all wrong.
DOCTOR: Doesn't that depend on what you're expecting to see?
FORLEON: And what do you think we're expecting to see?
DOCTOR: You tell me.
QUAIN: None of the readings are consistent with a Koteem simulacrum.
DOCTOR: A what simulacrum?
FORLEON: Switch off. You're not Koteem. Who are you?
DOCTOR: Koteem. Koteem.
FORLEON: Are you trying to say you've never heard of the Koteem?
DOCTOR: No, no, actually that's quite the opposite of what I'm trying to say, actually. Er, we're not doing very well on the communication front, are we.
QUAIN: So you *have* heard of the Koteem?
DOCTOR: Well, I seem to remember the name. I may have read about them or I may have met them. Sometimes it's hard to remember. Ah. Aren't they extinct or something?
FORLEON: Extinct?
DOCTOR: Ah, no. Probably the wrong thing to say. That probably happens later, doesn't it. Sorry. I can see I'd better shut up. I think that scan thing of yours has slightly scrambled my brain. What does it look for? Brainwave patterns, neuronic firing intervals, that sort of thing? Perhaps you'd like me to have a look at Ow!
MURONE: Just stay where you are and don't touch the equipment.
DOCTOR: Sorry. Ah. That's it. I remember. The Koteem. An arthropod-like race from er, somewhere past Andromeda. Well, I say that, but if you take the first Galactic left after
QUAIN: Everyone knows about the Koteem.
DOCTOR: Well, I should think that was highly unlikely, wouldn't you? I've only just remembered them at a pinch.
FORLEON: Everyone on this planet.
DOCTOR: Yes, I see. And you were expecting me to be a Koteem.
QUAIN: Yes.
DOCTOR: But that can't be right, can it? As I said, they're rather arthropod-like. You know, lots of legs, claws. And five eyes, I seem to remember. Or was it six? I think it varied from continent to continent. Can I get up now?
FORLEON: I'd rather you stayed there for now, Doctor.
DOCTOR: I think I met one with seven eyes once. Yes, I do remember meeting them at a

conference of some sort.
FORLEON: Well, Quain?
QUAIN: He is an alien.
FORLEON: But not a Koteem.
QUAIN: Well, they did warn us.
DOCTOR: I can see it's a difficult concept for you to grasp. I'm sorry if I've spoiled your day.
FORLEON: Believe you me, Doctor, my day was spoilt long before you arrived.
DOCTOR: Ah. The death of that girl. Veline, did you say?
QUAIN: Yes.
DOCTOR: I was sorry to hear about that. How did she die? I take it you're not suggesting that my friend Nyssa actually did kill her?
FORLEON: No, we're not.
QUAIN: She almost certainly killed herself.
DOCTOR: Why?
QUAIN: You should be more concerned with the fact that the Security people are never going to believe your friend is innocent.
FORLEON: Our people at the main gate inform me that your friend Nyssa?
DOCTOR: Nyssa, yes.
FORLEON: She tried to help Veline. Her fingerprints will be all over the scalpel. And Security Chief Gilbrook will be only to pleased to put a beauty on trial for murder.
DOCTOR: A beauty?
FORLEON: You really don't know anything about this planet at all, do you.
DOCTOR: Except for the fact that it's shrouded in dangerous levels of dyestrial toxins, no. I've never come across Veln before.
FORLEON: Is he dangerous?
QUAIN: Scan shows a physiology broadly similar to that of a Veln. The organs seem completely displaced, but they're the same kinds of organs performing the same kinds of functions, I'd guess. Blood pressure and heart rate are
DOCTOR: Hearts. I have two.
QUAIN: Yes, I thought, I wondered what that was.
FORLEON: I'm guessing the short answer to my question is no. He's harmless.
QUAIN: I'd say that's fair. Nothing inherently dangerous about his physiology. We should perhaps check him for weapons.
FORLEON: Do that, and scan him again. Then bring him to my study.

NYSSA: That's it, then. They've really let us go.
DOCTOR: Confusing, isn't it, when you don't know who the bad guys are?
(Tardis door closes.)
DOCTOR: So much simpler when they have a satanic beard or black ears.
NYSSA: Has the Tardis recovered?
DOCTOR: Er, yes. Yes, yes, I think we've been lucky, Nyssa.
NYSSA: You mean there was a possibility it wouldn't repair itself?
DOCTOR: Nothing's ever certain with the Tardis. Now, the real trick is going to be hopping over that dyestrial cloud. I shall have to be certain we start moving in Time before we make the spatial shift. Could you check the power relays for me?
NYSSA: Of course. (beeps) Doctor?
DOCTOR: Hmm? (beeps) What?
NYSSA: Is that it? Have you just forgotten about it all already?
DOCTOR: No, but sometimes it doesn't do to dwell on things. (sigh) What's on your mind?
NYSSA: Did we change anything?
DOCTOR: Do we ever?
NYSSA: Well, yes, don't we? Isn't that what you want to do? Isn't that why you said you left Gallifrey all those years ago, to make a difference?
DOCTOR: Ah, the folly of youth.
NYSSA: You don't want to talk about it, do you.
DOCTOR: That should do it. Want to give it a try?
NYSSA: Doctor!
DOCTOR: Sometimes, if you stare at a painting for too long and get too close to it, all you can see are the brush strokes. The harder you stare, the more formless and meaningless it seems to become.

NYSSA: And that's your analogy for the whole of the universe, is it? A painting you don't want to look at too closely in case it doesn't mean anything.
DOCTOR: Well. sometimes I think of it that way, yes. But if you're asking me if we made a difference on Veln, I really don't know.
NYSSA: But you wanted to make a difference, didn't you?
DOCTOR: I suppose I had some good intentions after we landed.
NYSSA: You wanted to warn people about the pollution.
DOCTOR: I had some time on my hands. I thought I'd try to use it fruitfully, but it turned out that they already knew about the pollution only to well. Four generations of bitter experience. Rather naïve of me, I suppose. As for making a difference, I don't really think we influenced anything at all. If you hadn't found Veline, maybe someone else would have done. She would certainly have still killed herself. The Security people would still have had an excuse to raid Forleon's estate.
NYSSA: But when you and Quain rescued me from the Security block, you really stirred them up.
DOCTOR: Yes, I know. We were lucky to get away with our lives.

QUAIN: Quick, Doctor, get it.
DOCTOR: What's the hurry? The identity documents seemed to convince them. Shouldn't we keep calm and try not to attract any attention?
QUAIN: Up there, security camera moving towards us. It's giving me a bad feeling.
DOCTOR: All right. Quickly, Nyssa. How are you feeling?
NYSSA: I'm fine. Let's just get out of here.
(Vehicle doors slam.)
SECURITY: Hey, stop!
QUAIN: They're onto us. Hold on tight.
(Vehicle diesel engine starts.)
SECURITY: Open fire!
(Gunfire, vehicle roars off. Tyres screeching.)
QUAIN: Come on, get out of the way.
NYSSA: Are we going to get out of this alive?
QUAIN: We've got a good head start, but they'll trace us straight back to the Estate eventually.
DOCTOR: So where are we going to go?
QUAIN: We'll have to get there and warn them. Forleon will have to evacuate.
DOCTOR: Evacuate? But
QUAIN: Don't worry. It was going to happen sooner or later. We've got contingency plans.
DOCTOR: Which are?
QUAIN: Let's just say that after we've warned Forleon, we'll be going on a long trip, Dokter.
NYSSA: Look out!
(Crash!)

NYSSA: And if Quain hadn't been such a good driver, we wouldn't be here now.
DOCTOR: Don't remind me. My leg still hurts. But as for our really affecting events in any meaningful way, I can't see how your being interrogated had any bearing on anything.
NYSSA: Just very unpleasant for me.
DOCTOR: Sorry. Didn't mean to be insensitive.
NYSSA: It's all right. I know what you're trying to say. And anyway, when I heard Veline's screams, I should have gone straight back into the Tardis. Instead, I, well
DOCTOR: You wanted to help, make a difference.
NYSSA: Yes. You're right. But what about the Veln and the Koteem? Who was right?
DOCTOR: The Veln authorities tried to protect their people from what they saw as a terrible alien threat, or the Koteem trying to make amends in spite of the wishes of the Veln. Perhaps they were both right.
NYSSA: And both wrong.
DOCTOR: Perhaps. But we were just swallowed up by the situation we fell into. I'm still not sure I entirely understand it myself. We had no control over anything.

(Telephone slammed down.)
GILBROOK: Damn!

BRODLIK: Who was that?
GILBROOK: The Security Minister.
BRODLIK: What did she say?
GILBROOK: We can't move on Forleon's estate without clearer evidence.
BRODLIK: I see. Why are you looking at me like that?
GILBROOK: So you'd better tell me, hadn't you.
BRODLIK: Tell you what?
GILBROOK: Tell me the truth about those men who took this Nyssa girl out from under your nose. About the surveillance cameras cutting off.
BRODLIK: I don't know what you mean.
(Thump!)
BRODLIK: Ow! What're you doing? You can't do that. You can't Ow!
(Breaking furniture. Stamp on flesh.)
GILBROOK: I can do anything I like, because I need you to tell me the truth and make a statement. I don't care what they threatened to do to you and your family.
(Breaking small bones. Brodnik whimpers.)
GILBROOK: You know why I don't care?
BRODNIK: No, no. Argh! Please don't. Argh!
GILBROOK: Because whatever they said they'd do, I can do worse. These people are amateurs when it comes to intimidation. So, little Brodlik. (Big thump.) Start (crunch) Talking! (thump!)

DOCTOR: We can only look forward, try not to judge too harshly, and do the best we can.
NYSSA: I suppose that's all we can do.
DOCTOR: Or drive ourselves insane by staring at the brush strokes. Right, here we go.
(The Tardis dematerialises.)

[Part Four]

DELARPHIM [OC]: This is Captain Delarphim to all decks. Secure for silent running. We are entering the Veln system, and as you well know, we must not be detected.

(The speakers are Koteem.)
DELARPHIM: All external transmitters must be shut down. Power emissions are to be kept at absolute minimum until we clear the system. That is all. Pilot, increase speed to maximum.
PILOT: Increasing.
(Alarm sounds.)
DELARPHIM: What is that?
PILOT: A power leak on aft section toxin containment fields.
DELARPHIM: Shut it off immediately!
PILOT: Shutting it off will mean the toxin containment fields will be weakened.
DELARPHIM: Space travel is not allowed in this solar system, or were you forgetting that fact? We are therefore hardly likely to collide with anything, are we? Shut it off, pilot.

(Tardis console beeping.)
NYSSA: Those power relays seem fine now.
DOCTOR: Fine one moment, not so fine the next. One minute everything seems perfectly under control and the next? (beeps) Sorry, old girl, didn't mean to hurt your feelings.
NYSSA: That was another fluctuation in the relays.
DOCTOR: Which rather illustrates my point, unfortunately.
NYSSA: I distinctly remember you talking about arranging some kind of overhaul for the Tardis.
DOCTOR: Yes. Yes, I do that from time to time, don't I?
NYSSA: Talk about it, but don't get round to it, you mean.
DOCTOR: Yes. Shall we see if your repairs have worked?
NYSSA: I see.
DOCTOR: What?
NYSSA: Nothing. Ready when you are, Doctor.
DOCTOR: So, we're drifting forwards in time at a rate of oh, quite slowly, really. Now where are we?

NYSSA: It's coming up as the Veln solar system.
DOCTOR: Veln? Veln. Veln, Veln. No, never heard of it. Do we have any information in the Tardis databank?
NYSSA: I'll have a look. Er, planet Veln. Nothing much here. Diagrams of landmasses, population totals listed for several centuries. Oh, what's this? Galactic Sector Council resolution 4416.
DOCTOR: What does it say?
NYSSA: Planet Veln on the brink of developing rudimentary space travel. Currently off-limits to all interplanetary space flight.
DOCTOR: Currently? That must relate to the time period we're currently traversing. The database wouldn't have come up with it, otherwise. Good.
NYSSA: Why? Because there won't be much traffic around?
DOCTOR: Exactly. We can effect a nice safe materialisation in space to check the power relays. Keep an eye on the relay monitor while I do this, please. Now, nice and slowly does it. So far, so good.
(The Tardis materialises. Beeping.)
NYSSA: That's the helmic regulator.
DOCTOR: Just slipping a little. Can you compensate?
NYSSA: Just about. We've drifted into Veln orbit.
DOCTOR: Shouldn't be a problem. (engines stop) There.
NYSSA: Everything seems normal.
DOCTOR: Good. Well, let's dematerialise again.
(Alarm sounds.)
NYSSA: That doesn't sound very encouraging.
DOCTOR: Blue and yellow flashing together. What does that mean? Ah! Ah, yes, Yes, the outer shell of the Tardis is reacting to some sort of toxin.
NYSSA: It says dyestrium.
DOCTOR: Dyestrium? Very nasty indeed. What's dyestrium doing in orbit around Veln? We'd better get out of here.
(The Tardis engines start, then zap!)
DOCTOR: Ah! You all right?
NYSSA: (coughing) Just about. Looks like the console is going to catch fire.
DOCTOR: She'll be all right.
(Bang!)
NYSSA: Doesn't sound all right.
DOCTOR: Dyestrium is affecting the power relays.
NYSSA: It sounded like we hit something.
DOCTOR: No, nothing out there to hit, just a few stationary primitive orbital platforms, that's all. Ah, there, that's better. We're drifting forwards in time a little, a century or so.
NYSSA: We're landing again.
DOCTOR: So we are. And still reading high levels of dyestrium. Not as high as before, but still lethal.
(The Tardis materialises.)
NYSSA: Where are we?
(Scanner.)
DOCTOR: All looks rather pleasant, doesn't it?
NYSSA: This is the planet Veln.
DOCTOR: Hmm. Doesn't look like it's heavily polluted with dyestrium, does it? Ah yes, but look. There's still a high degree of airborne toxins.
NYSSA: Er, Doctor, why did we land?
DOCTOR: Emergency materialisation. The Tardis needs to repair the damage to the relays.
NYSSA: Is this the ideal place for the Tardis to do that, given that there's dyestrium in the atmosphere, and it was dyestrium that caused the problem in the first place?
DOCTOR: I'm afraid we don't have any choice. The old girl's shut down her systems. We'll just have to wait for her to finish the repairs on her own. Care for a walk?
NYSSA: Are you sure it's safe?
DOCTOR: The atmosphere is certainly breathable. It'll only be dangerous for us if we suffer prolonged exposure, and we're not staying long. And it doesn't look like anybody's about. We

might as well. Come on.
(Tardis door opens.)

NYSSA: It's a nice day. Reminds me of home in some ways.
DOCTOR: What's that over there in the distance?
NYSSA: Er, a building of some sort, isn't it?
DOCTOR: Yes. Where are my binoculars? Ah, here we are. Hmm. Beautiful architecture. The product of a very civilised mind, I should say. Hmm.
NYSSA: You're not thinking we should go and take a look?
DOCTOR: No.
NYSSA: Good.
DOCTOR: No, I'm thinking *I* should go and take a look, and you should stay here and keep an eye on the Tardis repairs. She may need some prompting from time to time.
NYSSA: Doctor, how do you know the people here are friendly?
DOCTOR: Beautiful architecture is invariably a sign of a friendly temperament.
NYSSA: And now you're talking rubbish.
DOCTOR: Perhaps, but I'll just go and take a look. Perhaps I'll be able to warn them about the dangers of using dyestrium as a basis for energy production. You know, just push them gently in the right direction. Suggest the ionisation of hydrogen or something like that.
NYSSA: I can see there's no point arguing with you.
DOCTOR: (receding) Stay close to the Tardis. Won't be long.
NYSSA: Typical.
(A woman cries out in the distance.)
NYSSA: What was that?

GILBROOK: Mmm. Mmm. She is a beauty, isn't she? Aren't you, Veline, eh? Lovely nose, lovely, oh, everything. Lovely Veline. I know plenty of people who'd give their left arm for a nose like that. (chuckles) Oh, yes. So, at a guess, I'd say multiple stab wounds?
ATTENDANT: Must you?
GILBROOK: Watch it.
ATTENDANT: Sorry, sir. It's actually a peculiar methodology.
GILBROOK: The one we've got in custody just stabbed her to death. What's peculiar about that?
ATTENDANT: But the angle and pressure points of the wounds indicate. I'm not sure.
GILBROOK: Spit it out.
ATTENDANT: Well, almost as if the murderer were trying to
GILBROOK: Trying to what?
ATTENDANT: Dig something out rather than just kill the victim.
GILBROOK: That confirms what I've always said about Forleon's lot.
ATTENDANT: What's that?
GILBROOK: Those people are weird.

DOCTOR: Well, Quain, now you're certain I'm not inherently dangerous and that I don't have any weapons on me, perhaps you'd like to tell me exactly what you do here?
QUAIN: The Lady Forleon wants to see you. You can ask her as many questions as you like. Of course, I can't guarantee that she'll answer any of them.
DOCTOR: Don't want to talk out of turn. I see. You're a conscientious employee. Very admirable. Then let me guess. This apparatus is for some kind of surgical implantation, isn't it? Ah. I see I'm on the right track. But what about the simulacrum, Isn't that what you said? Koteem simulacrum. A simulacrum is a likeness of something, isn't it? A substitute, a kind of copy. So what would a Koteem's simulacrum be? A copy of a Koteem? Hardly likely, since you thought I was one, and I'm certainly not an arthropod.
QUAIN: All right, that's enough. Come with me.
DOCTOR: So logically this simulacrum would be a copy of something that looks humanoid. Something that could be mistaken for a Veln.
QUAIN: This way, Doctor.
DOCTOR: I'd be delighted.

FORLEON: He is totally alien. Not Veln, not Koteem.
KOTEEM [OC]: Have his actions been hostile?
FORLEON: No. He seems to know nothing about our operations here.
KOTEEM [OC]: He may be working for the Koteem government or the Galactic Sector Council. He may be trying to sabotage our work.
FORLEON: My instincts tell me that isn't the case. He appears to be genuinely ignorant.
KOTEEM [OC]: I trust your instincts, Lady Forleon, but perhaps it would be best if he is brought to me as soon as is convenient.
FORLEON: Very well. But there is one other thing.
KOTEEM [OC]: Please elaborate.
FORLEON: This Dokter has a friend, a girl. She somehow got mixed up with the death of Veline. Gilbrook and his people have charged her with murder.
KOTEEM [OC]: If this girl were to talk openly to Veln security, she may cause an increasing paranoia within the Security department.
FORLEON: If that's possible.
KOTEEM [OC]: She must be retrieved. I will leave that in your capable hands, Lady Forleon.
(Beeping.)
FORLEON: Er, Quain is bringing this Dokter to me now.
KOTEEM [OC]: Very well. My thoughts are with you. Ending communication.
(Knock on door.)
FORLEON: Come.
(Door opens.)
QUAIN: Lady Forleon
DOCTOR: You'll be relieved to hear that I apparently don't pose you any clear and present danger.
FORLEON: I shall be the judge of that, Dokter. Please, sit down.
DOCTOR: Thank you.
FORLEON: Where are you from?
DOCTOR: I am from the planet Gallifrey, and my companion Nyssa is from Traken. Forgive me, but I'm sure you're none the wiser.
FORLEON: You obviously regard us as some sort of inferior species.
DOCTOR: No. Less technologically developed, and with no real experience of life outside your own world, but that's not necessarily a bad thing. You and I are just different.
FORLEON: How very magnanimous of you. Why have you come to our planet?
DOCTOR: We are simply travellers. We're here by accident. My craft was adversely affected by the dyestrial pollution in your atmosphere. I was forced to land here in order for my craft
QUAIN: The Tardis.
DOCTOR: Yes, it is called the Tardis. I didn't make that up. In for the Tardis to affect repairs to itself.
QUAIN: Your craft can repair itself?
DOCTOR: Yes. Look, all we want to do is leave. We didn't want to get involved with your affairs. I just want to find Nyssa and leave with her.
FORLEON: If you didn't want to become involve in our affairs, why did you come here, to this house? Couldn't you have just stayed in your craft until it had repaired itself? Is this line of questioning irritating you?
DOCTOR: Only because you're reminding me of Nyssa.
QUAIN: You find your companion irritating.
DOCTOR: Yes. Especially when she's right. I shouldn't have come here. I wanted to warn you about the dyestrium.
QUAIN: We already know about the dyestrium.
DOCTOR: Yes, I know, and I should have known that. I should have known (pause) better. The truth is, I let my curiosity get the better of me. I know it sounds stupid now, but I admired the architecture of this building, I wanted to meet the people who built it.
FORLEON: And warn us about the dyestrium.
DOCTOR: Yes, I did. Look, I don't expect you to believe me. All I'm interested in is finding Nyssa. What do your security people do to those people they accuse of murder?
QUAIN: They execute them, in one of several very unpleasant ways.
DOCTOR: In which case I'm begging you to let me try to rescue her.
QUAIN: You wouldn't survive a day out there in the city.
DOCTOR: Then will you help me?

FORLEON: As a matter of fact, we will.
DOCTOR: Thank you.
QUAIN: Lady Forleon?
FORLEON: We *have* to, Quain.
QUAIN: I understand.
FORLEON: Do you have any reports on her whereabouts?
QUAIN: Last we'd heard, she'd been taken to the Central Hospital.
DOCTOR: Hospital?
FORLEON: Our Security block personnel are not known for their subtlety, Dokter.
DOCTOR: So you said. How soon can we get to her?
FORLEON: Quain?
QUAIN: I'll start setting things up.
DOCTOR: If there's anything I can do to help.
QUAIN: Leave it to the professionals, Dokter.
(Door closes.)
DOCTOR: I don't wish to seem ungrateful, but I take it you're helping me because Nyssa being arrested has somehow jeopardised your plans.
FORLEON: That's right.
DOCTOR: And what are your plans?
FORLEON: For someone who isn't interested in the affairs of this planet
DOCTOR: Ah! Well, you see, that's my curiosity again. I just don't seem to be able to keep it under control. What's your relationship with the Koteem?
FORLEON: You'll find out, when you meet them.
DOCTOR: I see. You're obviously working for them, leaving the big decisions to them. Always a mistake, in my experience, working for a more technologically advanced species.
FORLEON: We are not working for them.
DOCTOR: No? But they're giving you something you need, aren't they? Something concealed inside a simulacrum. A facsimile of a Veln. How am I doing?
FORLEON: This isn't some intellectual puzzle. You're treating issues concerning the survival of civilisation on this planet as a child's guessing game. Is that what you do, travel around the galaxy making light of other people's problems?
DOCTOR: I'm not making light of them, I'm trying to understand them.
FORLEON: So that you can interfere, give us the benefit of your superior knowledge? Isn't it enough that Veln has been all but destroyed by one alien species without another making things worse?
DOCTOR: The Koteem destroyed? What has happened here, Lady Forleon?
FORLEON: You haven't seen beyond this estate, have you? I was lucky enough to be borne into a rich family. My mother had this place built when everything around her was falling apart. The economy, society, even the people themselves.
DOCTOR: The effects of dyestrial pollution.
FORLEON: That's right. The end of agriculture, the collapse of food production, global economic meltdown. Poverty and endemic crime. Every nation on this planet labours under paranoid government security measures and institutionalised corruption. Our civilisation isn't dying. It's already dead. All that's left is the rotting corpse. My mother saw it happening, and the only way she could cope was to use as much of her power and influence as she could to shut it out.
DOCTOR: So she lived here in her own personal paradise. But that wasn't good enough for you, was it, Lady Forleon? Tell me, why do you and Quain look so different from your henchman? Murone, I believe I heard you call him?
FORLEON: Most people on this planet look like Murone. The pollution caused some kind of genetic illness. There's no cure.
DOCTOR: Except the one the Koteem are offering you.
FORLEON: It isn't a cure.
DOCTOR: Oh?
FORLEON: It's less than that. Although, in some ways, it's more.

FORLEON: Commence intramission.
(Zap! Squelch.)
QUAIN: Intramission successful. The Koteem mass is integrating. Genetic structure alterations commencing.

FORLEON: I never tire of this moment. It's like a miracle, a beautiful miracle. Like generations of disease and ugliness burned away from within.

DOCTOR: The Koteem are giving you their essence. I'm not sure I understand.
FORLEON: I'd invested all my family's money in research into a cure. The funds were just pouring away. Every line of research was a blind alley. We started experimenting with the benefits of zero gravity for treatment. We took patients up into an orbital satellite I'd bought off a government. Oh, they were always keen to take my money. Ridiculed me in public, but took my money behind closed doors.
DOCTOR: And the Koteem contacted you, didn't they?
FORLEON: They did.

KOTEEM: High orbital above Veln. Dyestrial waste was released. The ship was destroyed. The planet was terminally polluted. That was four Veln generations ago. In another four generations, we, the Koteem, will be guilty of genocide.
DOCTOR: I see. And now you're planning to prevent that.
KOTEEM: My people had experimented with isolating that which made us what we were.
NYSSA: Your essence.
KOTEEM: As our bodies decayed, we attempted to transplant this essence into artificial survival units. But it was useless. The essence could not survive.
NYSSA: So you thought you'd use the Veln as your new bodies.
KOTEEM: Our government offered many ideas for reparation to the people of Veln. They rejected everything we offered. They became paranoid, war-like.
DOCTOR: Understandably. You had condemned their planet to a long, lingering death.
KOTEEM: We knew that only too well, as we had condemned ourselves to death. Eventually, the Galactic Sector Council declared all contact with Veln illegal.
NYSSA: You mean, you're not official?
KOTEEM: Our government have dismissed us as extremists and fanatics. They say we are attempting to create a hybrid race.
DOCTOR: Isn't that what you're doing?
KOTEEM: We have discovered that the Koteem essence strengthens the Veln genetic structure.
NYSSA: And you're sacrificing Koteem lives to do this?
KOTEEM: All of us within our organisation hope to make that sacrifice.
DOCTOR: Two doomed races joined to create a new one. It's an interesting notion. A thorny ethical issue, though.
KOTEEM: We value the sanctity of life so much that we are prepared to change the nature of life itself so that it may continue. You may view us as either fanatics or the saviours of two races.
NYSSA: But aren't you forcing the Veln to become, well, surrogate Koteem?
KOTEEM: No one is forced. And in truth, very little of the Koteem remains after the process. Very occasionally, a subject rejects the implantation. We bitterly regret such occurances.
NYSSA: That won't bring Veline back from the dead.
DOCTOR: Some might say you're attempting to play god.
KOTEEM: All races evolve and develop. Why should not that evolution, that quest for survival, be scientifically introduced? Or should both races suffer because of the sins of their forefathers? Isn't it time to break with the past?
NYSSA: But shouldn't both races as a whole choose to do this?
KOTEEM: Both governments are blinded by prejudice.
NYSSA: Have you thought that it might be you who are blind?
DOCTOR: I wouldn't want to be in your position, to have to make that choice.
NYSSA: Neither would I.
KOTEEM: If the Koteem or Veln governments were to hear of our operation, it would be the end for both civilisations.
NYSSA: It is the end, though, isn't it?
DOCTOR: Or the birth of a new one. We won't tell anyone. It's not our place to interfere.
KOTEEM: You may go.

(Over the sound of the Tardis dematerialing.)
BRODLIK: You see ugliness when you look at my face. When you look at the face of most people in the world. Distorted skin tissue, abnormal bone structure.
FORLEON: Our civilisation isn't dying. It's already dead. All that's left is the rotting corpse.
KOTEEM: Should both races suffer because of the sins of their forefathers?

KOTEEM: Quain. Lady Forleon has been relocated. You must join her and restart the operation.
QUAIN: Of course. Gilbrook and his men will have torn apart everything on the estate.
KOTEEM: Will our plans be compromised?
QUAIN: They won't be able to make head nor tail of it. It's beyond them.
KOTEEM: Let us hope so. However, I will relocate this ship. Your security people may find something on the estate which can lead them to it.
QUAIN: Glad to see you've still got the security of the operation at heart.
KOTEEM: What is troubling you?
QUAIN: The two strangers. You, you just let them go!
KOTEEM: Yes.
QUAIN: You trusted them?
KOTEEM: You think I was foolish?
QUAIN: I think you took an unnecessary risk.
KOTEEM: Trust is always a risk. Did not you and Lady Forleon take a risk in trusting me all those years ago?
QUAIN: Point taken.

(Diesel engine rattling.)
GILBROOK: This is Chief Gilbrook to all assault vehicles. Stand by. We're now approaching the location of suspected Koteem incursion. Bring all weapons to bear.
(Engine stops.)
DRIVER: This is it, sir.
GILBROOK: Brodlik, give me the map.
(Cold wind blowing.)
BRODLIK: I don't know why you had to drag me half way across the world.
GILBROOK: You're my star witness, Brodlik. I want to keep an eye on you. And anyway, when we get our hands on those alien scum, I want to know what makes them tick, and you're just the man to find out.
BRODLIK: I'm not qualified to work on aliens.
GILBROOK: Don't remind me. This is definitely it. You see? Matches the grid reference we found in Forleon's files.
BRODLIK: There's nothing here.
GILBROOK: No. No, there isn't, is there.
BRODLIK: No.
GILBROOK: Which means we have to start again, Brodlik.
BRODLIK: Start what again?
GILBROOK: I know there's Koteem on this planet. I feel it in my aching bones, Brodlik. And if it takes the rest of my miserable life, I shall not lay down and die until I make sure the filthy aliens have finally left us alone! You know something, Brodlik?
BRODLIK: What?
GILBROOK: My great-grandfather was just a kid working in the fields when it happened.
BRODLIK: When what happened?
GILBROOK: Fields. Can you imagine that? Huge areas of land where crops would grow. Crops that could feed thousands of people. And my great-granddad, he looked up into the sky and saw it and so he told his son, and so he told my dad, he saw that Koteem ship explode. He saw it. He said it was like paint spilling across a table. It seemed at first, he said, he said it was almost beautiful.

(Alarm.)
DELARPHIM: Pilot, what is that?
PILOT: An object has just appeared dead ahead of us. Cuboid, high mass and energy.
DELARPHIM: Full avoidance procedures. Emergency thrust.

PILOT: The object appears to be emitting some kind of warp distortion field.
DELARPHIM: But it is stationary.
PILOT: Captain, it has disappeared.
(Alarm.)
DELARPHIM: What is happening now?
PILOT: Toxin containers have smashed in the aft section.
DELARPHIM: What about the containment fields?
PILOT: You ordered them shut down. The hull is breaking up.
DELARPHIM: No!

KOTEEM: There was an accident in high orbit above Veln. Dyestrial waste was released. The ship was destroyed. The planet was terminally polluted. That was four Veln generations ago.
(KaBOOM! and Tardis engines.)

DOCTOR: As for making a difference, I don't really think we influenced anything at all.
(The explosion reverberates.)
GILBROOK: Beautiful.